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As to an income tax.  
We are not so sure that the Democratic Senators will score a great hit with the country by proposing an income tax that will yield \$30,000,000 in revenue unless they couple it with tariff reductions that tend to reduce the cost of living. It is true that they are committed to a perfunctory declaration for low duties on the necessities of life and high duties on the luxuries; but what does this doctrine come to in practice when the strongest opposition to its application exists among Democratic Senators themselves? In the Wilson bill the income tax was complementary to vital reductions on the necessities—sugar, for instance. How many Democratic votes could be obtained to-day for free sugar? Among the stoutest advocates of stiff duties on hosiery, on lumber, on cotton goods, on rice, tobacco, and hides, on fruits and vegetables, and on many other necessities, are our Democratic friends of the South. As long as these duties are to remain, and will, according to Mr. Aldrich, provide a sufficient revenue, what is the purpose of raising more revenue?

The fact is that in this matter the Democrats are, as usual, on the wrong side of the proposition and the Republicans on the right side. Mr. Aldrich proposes to frame a tariff bill that will yield sufficient revenue to meet the necessities of the government economically administered, to quote from sundry Democratic platforms. If the Republicans succeed in their present plan of reducing expenditures so that the income from a tariff bill will supply the needs of the Treasury, thus avoiding the imposition of new taxation, they will have executed a very shrewd and appealing programme. It will go far to excuse the imperfections, even the enormities, of any tariff bill they may enact. And they will have dishonored the Democrats, as is their habit, by appropriating one of the most ancient maxims of the Democratic party.

The income tax will be all right when we need it. We do not want it simply to maintain the extravagance of public expenditure at its present height. The duty of the hour is economy in expenditure and reform in administration—good old Democratic ideas, for the practical application of which we have to look to Mr. Aldrich and President Taft.

Now, would not yesterday, for instance, have been an ideal inauguration day?

Here Is Where We Roar.  
We have heretofore borne with such patience as we could muster the all too evident iniquitous framing up of the tariff bill, but the Senate has stuck in a new section that gives wings to all our good and peaceful resolutions in respect of that usually most commendable virtue, and herein and herewith we raise a mighty howl of protest and dismay.

Observe, gentle reader, in all of its hideous nakedness and uncovered menace to the common people of this land section 163 1-2:

"Fishicks, fishing rods and reels, artificial flies, artificial baits, scented lures, and all other fishing tackle or parts thereof, not specially provided for in this section, except fishing lines, fishing nets and seines, 5 per centum ad valorem."

We doubt that we shall be able to find words sufficiently strenuous to express our towering indignation against this Senatorial audacity and additional evidence of total depravity. Friends, fishermen, countrymen, lend us your ears! If ye have tears to shed, prepare to shed them now; but if ye have bricks to throw, prepare to throw them at the precise moment it seems to you the Senatorial head proposing this unholy thing will most likely be hit thereby.

Zounds! Are all our liberties to be snatched from us, and is there to be no pleasure in living anywhere? It seems so, forsooth! Fishing is the one thing we thought we might enjoy with a feeling of freedom from the contamination of the octopus touch and in the delight of an unquestioned liberty. The ordinary, everyday fisherman cares very little, personally, of course, about the nets and the seines. Fishing, as a recreation, reckns not of them. He merely enters a sympathetic objection to that phase of the law because he knows that the pot-fishers of his clan are generally very poor people and lead very lowly lives—lives that should not be vexed with tariff taxes and such things. But when it comes to hooks and bait and rods and other fishing tackle, without restriction except as to lines, he will register a kick that may topple something over, if it does not actually spoil a number of Senatorial togas before the end of the argument heaves in sight.

All about us the flowers are bursting into bloom. Spring is at hand; the trees are putting forth their tenderest and greenest shoots; the birds are chirping their sweetest and merriest lays; the squirrels race around the parks, the white children romp and wax glad; the oh, pshaw! We have tendered a glutinous constituency several poems already in this regard; we have even permitted our ecstatic thoughts to fill along in bits of verse now and then. We were

just on the point of suggesting a picnic and a fishing bout, when the Senate hands us this particularly sour and uninviting lemon, and bids us chew upon it. We leave it to an erstwhile admiring clientele to say whether we have sought to maintain an optimistic spirit since we came into this world. We have never been righteously listed with the knockers. Our great specialty has been hunting the silver lining inevitably incident to even the darkest cloud. We have never wearied in letting the blessed sunshine into the gloomiest corners of creation we could find. And now—well, we do not know. We are getting a little mad, if not more so. That may not be fatal to optimism, but it fattens not upon it, nevertheless.

While we were busy chanting a chord of music like the sound of a great amen, we should like to inquire why the Senate should want to cut in with such a horrible discord?

Along with Crazy Snake, King Peter, the Shah, and Castro on the anxious bench nowadays we also note Abdul Hamid.

Judicial Predominance.

Martin W. Littleton, of New York, in his oration at the University of Virginia on Founder's Day, took an optimistic view of the Democratic movement in this country. His optimism, however, is based largely on the belief that "this republic is now and will ever remain free from the tyranny of the majority."

The main check upon the unhampered rule of the people is our judiciary system, which has no exact counterpart in any constitutional government. Mr. Littleton points out that power is running largely to the judicial branch, instead of to the executive or the legislative branch, as Jefferson and others of our early statesmen feared. The Supreme Court, owing to the rapid growth of railroads and industrial combinations, "has come to be the master of the economic development of the country."

Many of the States, too, by enacting a considerable body of legislation into their constitutions, have contributed to the authority of the courts; for by the multiplication of legislative provisions in the constitutions, the power of the highest appellate courts over State legislation has increased. "Every act of the legislature," says Mr. Littleton, "must of necessity, in testing its validity, be measured by the increasing provisions of the constitution, until to-day it is not too much to say that the legislatures of the United States, as well as the Congress of the United States, have been reduced to the third place in the government of the country."

A representative government in many States has almost been stripped right out of the fabric of the organic law."

But if the democratic tendency is toward an overthrow of representative government, will it stop at the judiciary? Will the people be content to allow this to become a "judicial republic," as Mr. Littleton thinks it is likely to become—that is to say, a nation ruled by judges and by judge-made law? Mr. Littleton fears that popular passion may undermine the judiciary, upon which is being placed a strain "which will require vast and enduring strength to withstand."

That is his only concern for our future, the only fear he entertains as to the outcome of our democratic experiment. It is a typical view of the class to which Mr. Littleton belongs. Yet there are a good many people who would view democracy as a failure if it eventuated in the substitution of judicial decrees for popular rule.

"Sir Harry Johnston says the white rhinoceros exists," says the Norfolk Landmark. If he has heard the news from the front, however, we suspect he is harking for the dark and unimpeachable fact as fast as his legs can carry him—missing the rhinoceros, of course.

The Guardian of the Filipino.

President Taft's brief message relates wholly to the revenue necessities of the Philippines, which will be adversely affected by the partial free trade between the islands and the mainland, established in the Payne bill. It transmits the draft of a bill intended to readjust the Philippine tariff to the new conditions, and particularly to protect American sugar and tobacco from the competition of products imported into the islands and thence re-exported to the United States.

This solicitude for American interests is doubtless part of the bargain by which the Philippines are to be doled out the concession of admitting their sugar and tobacco free up to a certain fixed limit.

The Aldrich bill, however, has deprived the Philippines of pretty much all the advantage they would have had under unrestricted free trade in their principal products. Rice from the Philippines cannot come in free, nor can sugar come in free, unless made by producers of less than 500 tons yearly. This latter proviso is frankly intended to prevent the development of the sugar industry in the Philippines. Senator Foster, of Louisiana, is quoted in the New Orleans Picayune as saying that the provision will "inject such an element of uncertainty into the sugar industry that for some years at least it will deter the investment of large sums by capitalists in the Philippines, as has been done in the Hawaiian group."

Incidentally the provision forces all the Philippine sugar into the hands of the trust, which owns the only refinery capable of handling the crude Oriental product.

A cold-blooded thrust in the ribs, one would think, for the Philippine sugar industry, since it needs capital for its development. But President Taft's idea is that too much sugar production would not be a good thing for the Philippines industrially or socially. It would build up a planter class and a dependent tenant class, instead of the honest yeomanry which should be the country's pride.

How happily does our altruistic policy of not exploiting the Philippines coincide with our selfish domestic policy of exploiting our own resources? It is a good thing to encourage the plantation system in the United States, but it will not do for the untutored Filipino.

The report sent out from Washington by a newspaper correspondent that Mr. Sereno Payne "turned fourteen different corners" when handed that monster anti-stocking tax petition is interesting. It

would be even more so to know if red, or even pink, was one of the aforesaid fourteen.

A well-known milliner says she never saw a suffragette wearing a fashionable hat. This will give pause to those people who imagine the suffragettes never enjoy a sane thought.

If only the entire world would become as enthusiastic over baseball as this country is, we should soon have an international language everybody understood.

"A woman physician declares that women worry too much," says the New York Herald. Which, of course, gives them something else to worry about.

Puck speaks a timely word of praise for the second fiddles. Good! Too long have we inclined to bow and scrape to the more pretentious notes.

"Why do campaign spellbinders always refer to them as 'honest laboring men'?" Inquires the Rocky Mountain News. They do not. Frequently they refer to them as "horny-handed sons of toil."

A new theatrical trust is being formed to fight the old theatrical trust, so the story goes. If it is to be a real fight, the public cannot lose.

"A Vindication of Warren Hastings" is just off the press, and is to be hurried at a helpless world. There may be a few people, however, who want to know what Warren did that he needs vindication.

"An Ohio man coughed up three carpet tacks the other day," says the Nashville American. People should be careful not to swallow carpet tacks while spring cleaning.

Spring fishing proverb: Stick to the creek bank, and the creek bank will stick to you.

A fan is a wind instrument—baseball or palmetto.

"Eliminate wine from literature, and what a gap is made," exclaims the Rochester Post-Express. Still, it is but just to the prohibitionists to say that the only literature from which they are seeking to eliminate wine is the menu card.

"King Victor Emmanuel failed to have Mount Vesuvius erupt for the entertainment of the distinguished guests," notes the Spartanburg Journal. Probably his majesty thought it would not be polite to play "angel" for that particular opposition show.

Now that President Taft has officially endorsed the Washington baseball team with the administration's approval, we hope no one will start a controversy as to whether our team is to be known as "The Possums" or "The Moleys."

Or all the men we would have to be-front row or last row—we think Exhibit A looms up as Cipriano Castro.

"Swimburne wrote some ridiculous verses concerning Queen Victoria," notes a critic. It is hard to imagine Swimburne writing "ridiculous verses," but if he did, and concerning her majesty, it may well find an obituary from the present poet-laureate—and that may have been the method of his madness, for all we know to the contrary.

UNCLE SAM AS A SOCIALIST.

Experiment in Collectivism on the Canal Zone.

W. J. Ghent, in the New York Sun.  
There is a little country from which I have just returned, some 2,000 miles to the south of New York City, where everything is done in new and wonderful ways. There the government is all in all, and though the individual does not seem to wither, the race is more and more.

This interesting land is the Canal Zone, a strip of territory forty-seven miles long and ten broad, across the Isthmus of Panama. It is owned absolutely by the United States, and Uncle Sam may be found there working night and day at all the jobs usually left to private initiative.

Does one want food? Uncle Sam furnishes and delivers it at prices about the same as in New York. Does one want food cooked and served? Uncle Sam is ready at half a hundred paces with meals at prices from 10 to 20 cents apiece. He runs a railroad and a steamship line and a weekly newspaper. He gives free quarters to all his helmsmen and their families. He provides them with clothing at cut prices. He manufactures ice and sells it for next to nothing. He bakes bread, pie, and cakes and delivers them at consumers' doors. Every week he turns out and delivers more than 80 gallons of ice cream. He imports and sells Havana cigars at the price of Connecticut imitations. He washes, starches, and irons linen, and mends, presses and sews buttons on overalls.

And what is the result? There is no crime that can be done for creature comfort that he doesn't do; and all his helpers, (some 30,000 persons) along with their families (some 10,000 or 12,000 more), are sharers in this governmental paternalism. It is not socialism, because, among other things, it lacks that fundamental basis of socialism, democracy; but it is the completest and greatest experiment in governmental collectivism that the world has ever seen.

Same Old Tariff.

From the Charleston News and Courier.

The chances are that the new tariff will be framed for the advantage of pet interests as usual, but it will be the last tariff of the kind. President Taft discerns the profound unrest in the ranks of his party; he knows that the Aldrich and Cannon crowd must be sent to the rear if the Republican party is not to be turned inside out and drenched with a radicalism more extreme perhaps than Bryanism, but for the present it is likely that the standpatters will have their way. President Taft would wisely advise them to give up at least a part of their loot, but they will not heed him. For a few more years at the swell trough they are prepared to sacrifice Mr. Taft and imperil their party.

Woman's Armament.

From the St. Louis Republic.

Has pins designed to hold in place, the wide-crowned hats which have appeared with the opening of the cyclone season are almost twice as long as the common variety. Is the hand of the steel trust to be seen in this? Or is it but one indication of the tendency toward heavier armaments now apparent throughout the world?

There's Plenty of Corn.

From the New York World.

Wicked and desperate as the manipulation of American markets must be considered, consumers have one remedy in their own hands. Corn, though high as compared with former prices, is, in relation to wheat, cheap and abundant. If wheat production cannot be extended, and if prices, legitimate or illegitimate, must rise, corn is a substitute not to be despised.

Prices Arranged to Suit.

From the Philadelphia Press.

To have the price of coal reduced in summer and ice at the minimum price in winter seems to be the best that the overburdened householder can expect.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

WRITING A POEM.

Close by the rippling stream  
Bloom violets sweet;  
And there the jonquills gleam  
In snug retreat.  
(Mary, turn on that steam!  
What all the heat?)

Of birds we see in spring  
Some brilliant types.  
(Clinkety-clam-pong-zing!  
There to the pipes.)  
My vagrant thoughts take wing;  
They do, by cripes!

Tariff Talk.

"Now they are putting a tax on garments."

"A scheme to keep stockings up!"

An Even Break.

"Can I offer you a little friendly advice?"

"If you'll take a little in return."

Here negotiations ceased.

Making Progress.

"Read about the latest expedition?"

"They didn't discover the pole."

"No; but they discovered a cake of ice never charted before."

Why Is This?

No items in the press we see  
Or none to date.  
The early robin seems to be  
A trifle late.

The Better Way.

"I have here a really good joke. I can get \$2 for this joke."

"Poor business. Get some composer to write a comic opera around it, and draw royalties."

Very Little.

"Dukes' Counts? Bah! Why doesn't she marry an honest blacksmith?"

"Go easy old man. What chance does a New York society girl get to meet a blacksmith?"

Welfare Work.

"Why don't you learn to twirl your cane with your left hand as well as with your right?"

"Why should I?" demanded the glided youth.

"Suppose you should injure your right hand?"

WOMEN WITHOUT HOMES.

Many of Them Have Nothing What-ever to Do.

From the New York Times.

One of the important problems of the age, though apparently unrecognized, is the woman "out of a job." This is not the woman who has gone into business, but the so-called home woman from whom modern conditions, increase of wealth, and increased cost of living have taken away not only her work in the home, but practically the home itself. If the 6,000,000 women in the country who must work for their support should suddenly find themselves out of employment, innumerable philanthropic individuals and societies would immediately set all the machinery at their command in motion to see what could be done about it. But if these other women "out of a job," in far larger numbers, and threatened with perhaps more serious results, attempt anything in the way of serious work outside there are cries of "Back to your home!"

At the same time pulpit and public are severe in their strictures of the bridge-playing woman, the overluxurious and immodestly dressed woman, and ask what the world is coming to with the increasing number of divorces. Are not these faults all, more or less, the result of the woman out of a job? And is not the unrest among women, the work of the club woman, the woman who is trying to enter political life, the woman suffragist, anti-suffragist, too—all a natural and necessary effort to regain equilibrium? Is it not a normal and healthy appetite for work?

With the increased cost of living and the trouble with servants, the home itself has changed and narrowed, making it a more difficult place in which to stay and again cutting down the possibility of home work. The woman of to-day who lives in an apartment with her husband, in "two rooms and bath," may feel that she has sufficient work in the world to do, but she is living a higher life than her ancestors, without mental work, and that if she is no longer a helpmeet, she is a "companion" for her husband. Women of this higher plane suffer great danger of a fall. No one is intended to live without work. There was plenty of it for the woman at home, the most delightful kind of work, when she had a home and something to do in it. Luxury, idleness, and degeneracy go together.

The American woman, like the American man, has sound, good sense and principle. If she is discovering that she has lost something from her life, is she not to be commended? And what is she going to do to replace it? What are we going to do with the "woman out of a job?"

LUMBERMEN IN COMBINE.

Retailers' Association Outlawed by Mississippi Supreme Court.

Jackson, Miss., April 15.—The Arkansas Gazette.

The Supreme Court of the State to-day decided that the Retail Lumber Dealers' Association of Mississippi and Louisiana was a combination in restraint of trade, and therefore operating illegally within the State of Mississippi.

Some 200 firms doing a retail business in the State will be effected, and must either go out of the association and come into competition with each other or go out of the State.

It is probable, however, that owing to the magnitude of the interests involved, an appeal will be taken to the United States courts.

The association did not deny that it was a combination designed to reduce competition between its members, and more particularly competition from wholesale dealers who might try to sell directly to the consumers. It was argued that such a combination was necessary to preserve the retailer, and that it was a convenience to the whole trade.

On this point the court ruled that the retailer had no right to exist if he did not serve the convenience and necessities of the people without dangerous and factitious aid. It held that a combination with the avowed purpose to stifle competition was in violation of the letter and spirit of the law.

Is It an Illusion?

From the Ohio State Journal.

Attorney General Wickham's method of punishing the naughty beef trust, by telling it sternly that it positively must not do it again, makes it rather difficult for the average tolling mass to keep its eye riveted on the doughnut, instead of the hole.

Last Resort.

From the Chicago Record-Herald.

The ordinary man feels that if he fails at everything else he can make a good living raising chickens. The average woman feels that if worse ever comes to worst she can take roosters.

Of Restricted Value.

From the Associated Press.

Your opinions are like a great many other things you possess—of no value to any one but the owner.

WASHINGTON CHAT.

By THE SPECTATOR.

There is a wealthy woman in the West End who has been endeavoring for a few months back to rent her house, and, like all wealthy women, she has an eye to the pennies. The other day a rather imposing equipage drew up before the door and a distinguished-looking man alighted therefrom and asked to be shown through the house. There was no one at home save the young son of the family, who did the honors in great style, thinking that he was playing cicerone to a possible tenant.

"You see," he said, expatiating on the magnificence of his abode, "this furniture is very rare and interesting, and has been collected by my parents from all over the world. That piece, for instance, came from an Italian palace, this from an old chateau in the south of France, and that once graced the bed of a Spanish grandee; those embroideries were made to order in Japan, that picture, as you probably have noted, is a genuine Corot, and you see what handsome books are in the bookcases. All these things we will leave to the house, taking it for granted that our tenant will be painstaking and careful. By the way," asked the young man finally, "to whom have I the honor of the visit? I don't think I caught your name."

"I am the assessor of taxes," said the visitor grimly, an announcement that was a bomb to the young gentleman, but it was up to him but did not serve him. He did so in the most "improved style." Taking his guest into the dining-room, he set a bottle of Scotch and a siphon before him and then explained.

"You see all I have said to you is just simply a big bluff that I give to every body who wants to rent the house. As a matter of fact, the things I have shown you are not worth a continental; they were all bought at auction, and while the contents of this room look very handsome, the furniture cost only a bagatelle. Now, I suppose you will appraise this at several thousand dollars, and as a matter of fact, it is only worth several hundred. But the bluff did not serve his purpose, and because of that eloquent tongue of his, the mother of the young man has to pay about five times the amount of taxes that she has ever paid before.

Ralph Paget, the eldest son of Mrs. Paget, the daughter of the late Mrs. Parman Stevens, who has recently returned to her home in England after an extended visit in this country, has been transferred from Bangkok, where he has served for the last five years, to Munich, a change that will be very much to his liking, for, although Europeans have everything much their own way in the Siamese capital, there are many drawbacks that make life there almost intolerable at times.

The foreign office, however, in making these appointments does not take this into consideration, for the British interests in the East are so great and extensive that they seem to have no end there, and so it is considered a compliment for any diplomatist to hold a portfolio in the Orient, to even such a seemingly unimportant post as the Siam capital. Ralph Paget was attached to the embassy here for the last two years, and is a charming fellow, albeit he shows no sign of the American strain in his blood.

Among the latest arrivals in town is William F. Sands, secretary of the American Embassy in Mexico, to which post he was promoted about a year ago. Mr. Sands is a son of Rear Admiral Sands, retired, and has been connected with the diplomatic service ever since 1896, when he was appointed secretary of the legation at Seoul. Subsequently he served at Panama and Guatemala. When the merry days of the Spanish war were over, he went to the United States, and was appointed American consul at San Francisco, where he made a fine record for himself in Guatemala, was transferred from that post to Mexico, which was a well-deserved promotion, and an appointment which he doubtless has as much to do with some small country in South America or Europe, but wherever he is stationed he will render acceptable service, for he is a trained and disciplined diplomatist, and has the welfare and the honor of his country closely at heart.

Mr. Sands' father, Rear Admiral Sands, was retired in July, 1907, with a creditable record. He was born in Washington nearly sixty-five years ago, entered the navy in 1859, and in less than ten years after had reached the grade of lieutenant commander, which rank men of to-day are proud to attain after twenty years of service. But his advancement was not the result of the war and was in recognition of gallant service. Admiral Sands is a brother-in-law of the late Admiral Franklin, Mrs. Franklin having been a Miss Sands.

The recent presence of Jewel Hay, who played with Jack Mason in "The Witching Hour," brings to mind her father, who was one of the most popular men who ever lived in Washington. Self-made he was, having begun his career as a purveyor of newspapers, from which profession he was promoted to be a professor of penmanship, and was for years one of the leading handwriting experts in the country, having figured in nearly all of the notable trials in which the question of handwriting was brought up.

Mr. Hay, or Ned Hay, as he was always called, finished his career as a lawyer and was widely known as an eloquent pleader, but above everything else he was noted for his never failing bonhomie and his ability to meet every emergency. For he was always called upon to straighten matters out when everybody else failed. He had a frank, open face, clear, honest blue eyes, the reddest of cheeks, and a handclasp which assured every one of his sincerity, which was in no small measure responsible for his popularity.

In the early days of Lord Pauncefote's administration he happened to be calling on the British Embassy, when Lady Pauncefote had been deserted by her daughters and left quite alone to meet a score of unexpected callers.

She was in a terrible dilemma and really confused when Mr. Hay appeared upon the scene, who, realizing her embarrassment, appointed himself master of ceremonies and stood beside her the rest of the afternoon introducing people to war and passing them on to the tea table with as much aplomb and nonchalance as if he had been brought up to engineer such affairs. Lady Pauncefote never forgot his kindness on this occasion, and until his death he was one of her favorites.

THE MARCH OF MEN.

If you could cut away the pain,  
The sorrow and the tears,  
And let the joys alone remain  
From all departed years;  
If you could forget the sighs  
And recollect the smiles—  
What think you would you be as wise,  
As helpful, or as strong?

If you could lay the burden down  
That loads your head at white,  
Shun everything that wears a frown,  
And live a life of smiles—  
Be happy as a child again,  
After years of care—  
Would you appear to other men  
More noble or more fair?

Ah, not a man should do his part  
And carry all his load,  
Nursed to share the every heart  
The roughness of the road.  
Not given to thinking overhead  
Of pain and grief and care—  
But glad to be in fullest touch  
With all his human-kind.

—Charles Ruxton Going.

ENGLAND AND GERMANY.

Opportune Moment for Effecting a Lasting Agreement.

From the New York Evening Post.  
If statesmanship in Germany and England has not gone sterile, and diplomacy become lumbered, some way of making and keeping the peace between those two countries will speedily be found. The present situation of either, as pictured by its own public men, is growing rapidly to be intolerable; while their relations, as expressed in the alarms and jealousies and recriminations over the desperate competition in naval armaments, are daily becoming more bitter and tense. If ever there was a chance for large statesmanship, it is offered to-day on both sides of the North Sea. Unless skill in diplomatic adjustment has perished there, a road to conciliation and to lasting confidence and friendship will be found.

Consider the plight of both nations, as they themselves possess it. It is primarily, a contest between them of exhaustion. Each is studying the other to see which will first bleed to death. By heightened and oppressive taxation, each is opening its veins, and each financial doctors are standing by to determine which one will first fall fainting to the ground. Mr. Chiozza-Money, the English statistical expert, has been taking stock of the British war chest, and gravely assures his countrymen that, if they stand ready to surrender their last penny, they can hold out in the wasteful competition a year or two longer than Germany. Misery confronts the people of both countries, if the path they are now treading is followed to the end, but both are seemingly prepared to pursue it. If Bishop Butler were alive, he would find in this Anglo-German madness fresh in his prompting and point to his speculation whether it were possible for a whole nation to go crazy.

The troubled conditions fairly clamor for those "four men around a table," who Lord Salisbury used to say, could settle any international question if they were given a free hand. Public-spirited citizens in both these educated and civilized nations cannot stand by contentedly when the policy of suspicion and hatred is leading straight to financial ruin, if not to a wicked and terrible war. We believe that both German and English diplomacy is ready to make a new agreement. All it needs is a little view of the public opinion to push on conciliatory statesmanship to the needed activity.

REAL TARIFF REVISION.

What It Should Be, According to the Western Idea.

From the Kansas City Times.

It is really no concession to the people to put the duties on hosiery and gloves back to the Dingley schedules, after an outrageous attempt has been made to increase the present duties, because the present duties are indefinitely high.

It is no concession to the people to put spikes back on the free list, where they are now, when there is no reduction in the duties on woollens and many other necessities now heavily taxed.

It is not much of a concession to cut the duty on lumber in two when lumber should be on the free list.

In short, it is up to the Republican party to make good its promises, and if those promises mean anything, it means a lower cost of living under the new tariff than has been possible under the Dingley tariff.

The enactment of the new law, if it is as good as it is possible to make it under existing conditions, is not going to end the discussion of the tariff. The people have learned more about the operation of the tariff tax